

Holt County Sentinel.

OREGON, MO., DECEMBER 8, 1871

From the American Publisher.

CHRISTMAS.

BY ENNA L. GATES.

Away with sorrow, grief, and care,
Let all sounds of gladness sweep away;
We have many hours and voices now,
Which bring us the merry Christmas day.

Christmas comes, and we're happy again;
A festal peal goes up the church belfry;
White with snow the roofs and trees stand,
And the hills ring with your merry rhyme.

Though cold the winter winds may blow,
The household hearth is warm and bright,
And hearts are beating with delight.

And to the sleigh-bells merry rhyme
The song and laugh and jingle round,

With merry Christmas mirth!

The song and laugh and jingle round,

As in past years, the gift of love,

Thought it's no humble to be taken,

It tells of friendship still unbroken.

The joyful glee between the load

Of burdens by the side of home,

And while our hearts can ask no more,

Let us not forget the poor.

How many, many hearts to-day,
In sorrow went their way,

Deserted, friendless, lonely, far from home,

This brightest day of all the year.

Behold the sorrowing, half-clad child,

On whom Dame Fortune never smiled;

Let us clothe the little sitting form,

And send him from the stormy shore.

Gifts to those who are suffering now;

And money this for, great and small,

A merry Christmas day to all.

The final day is coming fast—

For the year has run its race,

The festive will grow light,

For that day the year will die.

Half in mirth, and half in sadness,

Half in sorrows, half in gladness,

Half in pain, and half in fear,

We wait to welcome the new year.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

If you are in trouble or a quandary,
Tell your wife—that is if you have one—

—all about it at once! Ten to one her
invention will solve your difficulty sooner

than all your logic. The wit of woman
has been praised, but her instincts are

quicker and keener than her reason.

Or if she, from time to time, is in trouble

—give something to the suffering poor;

And may this be, for great and small,

A merry Christmas day to all.

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Special attention

to the entire length of the road. "Um!"

and then we come to—"Skunkville."

"Yass—and then—" Skunkville Pump.

"Good gracious! and the next station—"

"Upper Skunkville."

"Then—and then—"

"South Skunkville."

"And the next one, I suppose, is—"

"Skunkville Centre."

"Certain—and then we are at—"

"Little Skunkville."

"Yes, exactly, and then—"

"Big Skunkville."

"Um!"—begins to think

Skunkville and its dependencies extend

the entire length of the road. "Um!"

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